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Whitehead

Verses to the people of
England



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V E R S E S

TO THE

PEOPLE of ENGLAND. 1758.

----- *Mares animos in martia Bella*
Verfibus exacuit. ----- H O R.

By WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Esq;

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY in Pall-mall; and fold by
M. COOPER in Pater-noster-Row. 1758.

[Price Six-pence.]

V E R S E S

T O T H E

P E O P L E O F E N G L A N D . 1 7 5 8 .

-----Mors animos in maris Bello
Vestibus exaruit.-----H O R .

B Y W I L L I A M W H I T E H E A D , E S Q .

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. and J. DODDLEY in Pall-mall; and sold by
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V E R S E S
TO THE
PEOPLE OF ENGLAND. 1758.

BRITONS, rouse to deeds of Death!
Waste not zeal in idle breath,
Nor lose the harvest of your Swords
In a Civil-War of Words!
Wherefore teems the shameless press
With labour'd births of Emptiness?
Reas'nings, which no facts produce,
Eloquence, that murders use;

Ill-tim'd *Humour*, that beguiles
 Weeping Ideots of their Smiles.
Wit, that knows but to defame,
 And *Satire*, that profanes the Name.

Let th' undaunted *Grecian* teach
 The use and dignity of Speech,
 At whose Thunders nobly thrown
 Shrank the MAN of MACEDON.
 If the Storm of Words *must* rise,
 Let it blast our Enemies.

Sure and nervous be it hurl'd,
 On the PHILIPS of the World.

Learn not vainly to despise
 (Proud of EDWARD'S Victories!)
 Warriors wedg'd in firm array,
 And Navies powerful to display
 Their woven wings to every wind,
 And leave the panting foe behind.

Give to *France* the honors due,
France has Chiefs and Statesmen too.
Breasts which patriot passions feel,
Lovers of the Common-weal.
And when such the foes we brave,
Whether on the land or wave,
Greater is the pride of War,
And the conquest nobler far.

Agincourt and *Cressy* long
Have flourish'd in immortal Song ;
And lisping babes aspire to praise
The wonders of ELIZA'S days.
And what else of late renown
Has added wreaths to *Britain's* crown ;
Whether on th' impetuous *Rhine*
She bade her harness'd Warriors shine,
Or snatch'd the dangerous palm of Praise
Where the *Sambre* meets the *Maese* ;

Or *Danube* rolls his watry train ;
 Or the yellow-tressed *Mayne*
 Thro' *Dettingen's* immortal vale,
 Ev'n *Fontenoy* could tell a tale,
 Might modest worth ingenuous speak,
 To raise a blush on *Victory's* cheek ;
 And bid the Vanquish'd wreaths display
 Great as on *Culloden's* day.

But *Glory* which aspires to last
 Leans not meanly on the past ;
 'Tis the present *Now* demands
British hearts, and *British* hands.
 Curst be he, the willing Slave,
 Who doubts, who lingers to be brave.
 Curst the Coward tongues that dare
 Breathe one accent of despair,
 Cold as *Winter's* icy hand
 To chill the *Genius* of the land.

Chiefly you, who ride the deep
 And bid our thunders wake or sleep
 As Pity pleads, or Glory calls — — —
 Monarchs of our wooden Walls
 Midst your mingling Seas and Skies
 Rise ye BLAKES, ye RALEIGHS rise!
 Let the fordid lust of gain
 Be banish'd from the liberal Main.
 He who strikes the generous blow
 Aims it at the public foe.
 Let Glory be the guiding star,
 Wealth and Honours follow her.

See ! she spreads her lustre wide
 O'er the vast *Atlantic* tide!
 Constant as the solar ray
 Points the path, and leads the way!
 Other Worlds demand your care,
 Other Worlds to *Britain* dear;

Where the foe insidious roves
 O'er headlong streams, and pathless groves ;
 And Justice' simpler laws confounds
 With imaginary bounds.

If protected Commerce keep
 Her tenor o'er yon heaving deep,
 What have We from War to fear
 Commerce steels the nerves of War ;
 Heals the havoc Rapine makes,
 And new strength from Conquest takes.

Nor less at home O deign to smile,
 Goddess of *Britannia's* Isle !
 THOU, that from her rocks survey'st
 Her boundless realms the watry waste ;
 THOU, that rov'st the hill and mead
 Where her flocks, and heifers feed ;
 THOU, that chear'st th' industrious Swain
 While he strows the pregnant grain ;

THOU,

THOU, that hear'st his caroll'd vows,
 When th' expanded Barn o'erflows ;
 THOU, the Bulwark of our Cause,
 THOU, the Guardian of our Laws,
 Sweet LIBERTY! --- O deign to smile
 Goddess of *Britannia's* Isle !

If to us indulgent Heaven
 Nobler Seeds of Strength has given,
 Nobler should the produce be ;
 Brave, yet gen'rous, are the Free.
 Come then, all thy powers diffuse,
 Goddess of extended views !
 Every breast which feels *thy* flame
 Shall kindle into martial fame,
 Till Shame shall make the Coward bold
 And *Indolence* her arms unfold,
 Ev'n *Avarice* shall protect his hoard,
 And the Plough-share gleam a Sword.

Goddess, all thy powers diffuse
 And thou Genuine BRITISH MUSE,
 Nurs'd amidst the *Druids* old
 Where *Deva's* wizard waters roll'd,
 THOU, that bear'st the golden key
 To unlock Eternity,
 Summon thy poetic guard
Britain still has many a Bard,
 Whom, when Time and Death shall join
 T' expand the ore, and stamp the coin,
 Late Posterity shall own
 Lineal to the Muse's throne
 Bid them leave th' inglorious theme
 Of fabled shade, or haunted stream,
 In the daisy painted mead
 'Tis to *Peace* we tune the reed;
 But when *War's* tremendous roar
 Shakes the Isle from Shore to Shore,

Every Bard of purer fire
Tyrtaeus-like should grasp the Lyre ;
Wake with verse the hardy deed,
Or in the generous Strife like * SYDNEY bleed.

* Sir PHILIP SYDNEY, mortally wounded in an Action near *Zutphen*, in *Gelderland*.

F I N I S.



Every Bud of power fire
Tyran-like should grasp the Scepter;
Wake with verte the hardy deed,
Or in the generous Suite like a Squire bleed.

Sir PAUL GARNER, mortally wounded in an Action near ...
Colchester.

P I N T S



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